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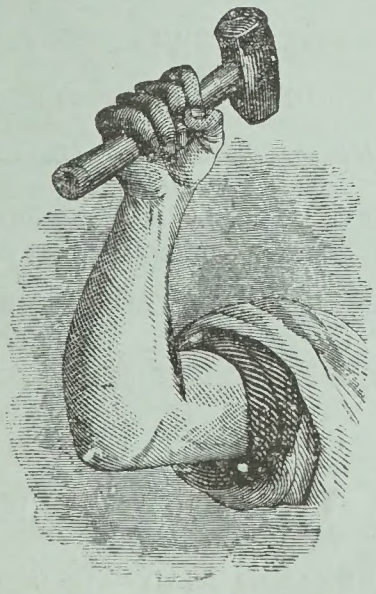

BY

B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D.

D. M. BENNETT,
LIBERAL AND SCIENTIFIC PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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CHOICE AND HUMOROUS READINGS;

INCLUDING

"The Bankers and I are Out," "Men and Monkeys," "What we Want," "Acres and Hands," &c.

Also the following pieces arranged and set to music expressly for this Work by W. J. Wetmore:

"We Want to See the Grand Good Time," "Oh, Don't You Remember," "The Golden Day is Dawning," "Two Workers in One Field," "All the People Now are Scheming," "The Noble Workingman," "Set Thy House in Order."

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* Pieces marked with a star are set to music.

SONGS AND READINGS.

THE RIGHT WILL PREVAIL.

Air, *Sweet Bye and Bye.*

When the workingmen's cause shall prevail
Then the class-rule of rich men shall cease,
And the true friends of Labor will hail
With a shout, the grand era of peace.

Chorus.

Right will reign, bye and bye,
When the Nationals come into power,
Right will reign, bye and bye,
Then the gold-thieves shall rule men no more.

Whatsoever men sow they must reap,
Since the rich to the whirlwinds have sown,
More just laws they must now learn to keep,
Then what workingmen earn they will own.
Chorus.

Right ordains that old parties must die,
And make way for the growth of reform.
Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high
That the triumph of labor must come.
Chorus.

Right on earth evermore then shall reign,
And the angels will sing once again,
While the Nationals join the refrain:
"Peace on earth and good will to *all* men."
Chorus.

HOPE FOR THE TOILING.

Air, *Tramp, Tramp, &c.*

Daily at my task I toil
Thinking, working men, of you;
How you sow what others reap, from day to day,
And you ask, what can we do.
Must the many for the few
Moil and toil forever on life's weary way?

Chorus. Hope, hope, hope the day is dawning,
Cheer up, brothers, it will come,
Then within your own "sweet home"
You shall sing a joyful song,
In the good time coming for the toiling poor.

Daily at my task I toil
Framing sonnets for the free
In that grand new era coming bye and bye,
When you sing your jubilee,
And your ship comes in from sea,
While the star of human progress lights the sky.
Chorus.

Daily at my task I toil
Thinking what reform has done,
How the sable bondmen have been all set free;
But the work so well begun
Must not stop until it's done,
And the toilers all have land and liberty. *Chorus.*

Daily at my task I toil,
Singing what the angels say,
How the light is shining even at the door.
Soon the darkness will give way,
Justice in that dawning day
Will give land and homes to all the toiling poor.

Sing, sing, sing, the light is beaming,
Cheer up, brothers, while it comes.
Soon within your own "sweet homes"
You shall all sing joyful songs,
When Greenbacks give homesteads to
the toiling poor.

RBC
NcU

SLEEPING ON THE DAMP COLD GROUND.

Air, *Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.*

HARK, the hungry poor are pleading,
Hear their plaintive song,
Shame that wealthy drones unheeding
Are happy now the whole day long.
Why should honest men be starving,
Forced away from home,
While the money thieves are travelling
Proudly in Paris and Rome.

Chorus. Weary and sad at heart,
Tramps go round and round,
While the workingmen are starving,
Sleeping on the damp, cold ground.

Wives and children now in sorrow
Forced to beg for bread,
Thousands know not on to-morrow
How they shall be clothed or fed.
When they seek for work the employers
Tell them they have none,
When they ask for bread the bankers
Threaten them with shot or stone.
Chorus.

Sons of labor, rouse like free men,
Break old party chains;
Proud bondholders all shall see then,
Their gold god no longer reigns.
Soon the mighty army tramping,
Hungry, and half clad,
Then will join with shouts rejoicing,
Justice reigns, let earth be glad.

Sing, then, oh sons of toil,
Swell the joyful sound,
Greenbacks will keep men from starving,
Sleeping on the damp, cold ground.

POLL YOUR VOTE.

Air, *Hold the Fort.*

GREENBACK voters, take fresh courage,
Rouse and lead the way,
Out of bondage into freedom,
Right will gain the day.

Chorus. Poll your votes, boys, vote for true men,*
Greenbacks cannot fail;
Poll your votes, good times are coming,
Greenbacks shall prevail.

Hark, the Greenback boys are marching,
Victory now is nigh;
Short and fierce will be the conflict;
Old parties must die.

Chorus.

Business men are daily failing;
Tramps roam to and fro;
All the land is full of mourning,
Hear the wail of woe.

Chorus.

When the Greenback boys shall triumph,
Justice will ordain
To the homeless, poor and outcast,
Equal rights shall reign.

Chorus.

Onward then, ye hosts of true men;
Cheer, brave comrades, cheer;
By the help of God and women,
Victory is near.

Chorus.

* The name of a popular candidate may be substituted for "true men."

OH, GOLD GAMBLERS.

Air, *Oh, Susannah.*

Hail, working men, ye mighty host,
With justice for your aim,
Shall bloated bankers longer boast
Of frauds in Freedom's name?
Strike for the truth with willing hand,
Stand firmly in your might,
Prove to the world 'tis bravely grand
To battle for the right.

Chorus. Oh, gold gamblers,
Hark, while we sing;
We're bound to vote down fraud and wrong,
And crown rag-baby king.

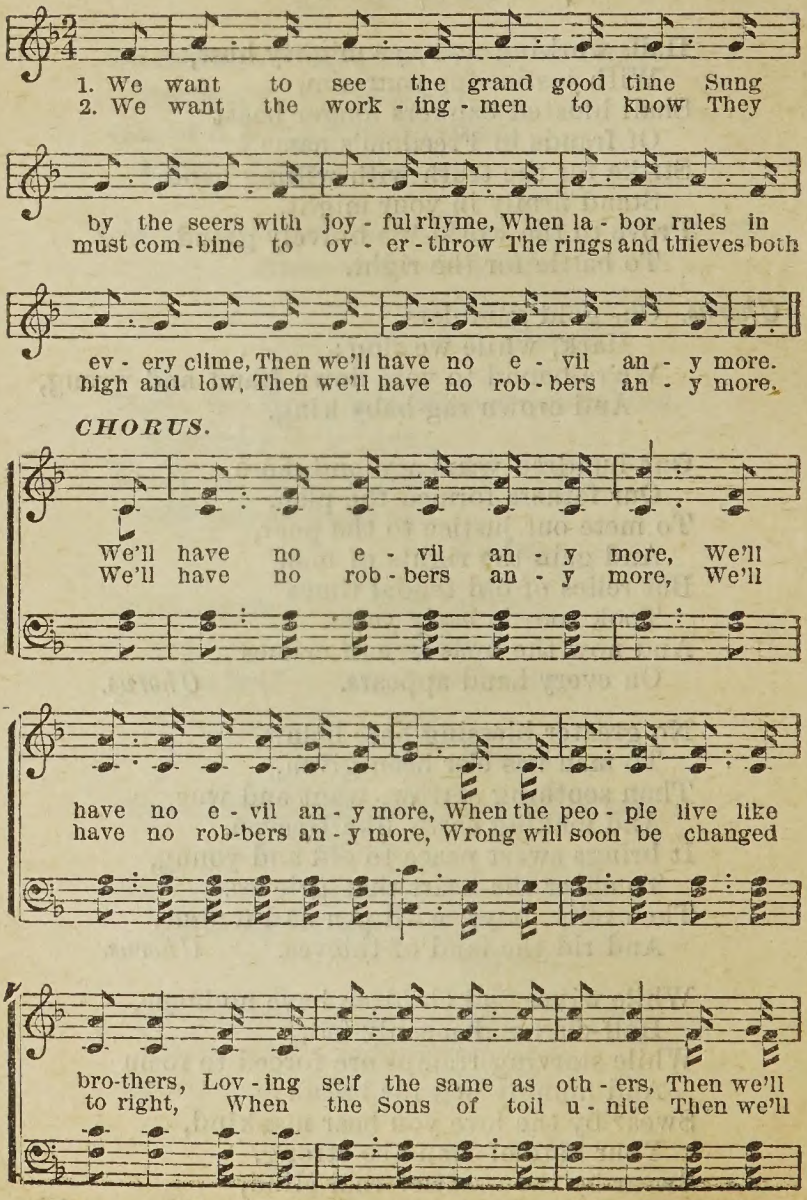
One hundred years ago and more
Our fathers formed the plan,
To mete out justice to the poor,
And gain the rights of man.
But relics of old feudal times
Took root in early years,
And now the upas tree of crimes
On every hand appears. *Chorus.*

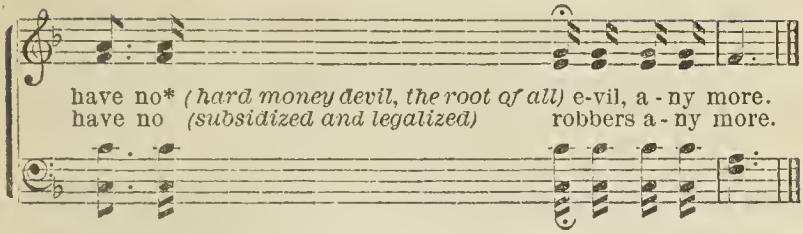
No greater blessing here below,
To man has e'er been given,
Than soothing sorrow, want and woe,
And making earth like Heaven.
It brings sweet peace to old and young,
To cheer the heart that grieves.
Then rally, boys, with pen and tongue,
And rid the land of thieves. *Chorus.*

While wives and children have no home,
Half-clad and meanly fed,
While starving tramps are forced to roam
And humbly beg for bread.
Swear by the love you bear mankind,
Your hate of fraud so strong,
Swear by the great eternal Mind,
To right this fearful wrong. *Chorus.*

WE WANT TO SEE THE GRAND GOOD TIME.

Words and Music by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. We want to see the grand good time Sung
2. We want the work - ing - men to know They
by the seers with joy - ful rhyme, When la - bor rules in
must com - bine to ov - er - throw The rings and thieves both
ev - ery clime, Then we'll have no e - vil an - y more.
high and low, Then we'll have no rob - bers an - y more.
CHORUS.
We'll have no e - vil an - y more, We'll
We'll have no rob - bers an - y more, We'll
have no e - vil an - y more, When the peo - ple live like
have no rob-bers an - y more, Wrong will soon be changed
bro-thers, Lov - ing self the same as oth - ers, Then we'll
to right, When the Sons of toil u - nite Then we'll



We want for each a palace home,
The earth will then like Eden bloom,
And "tramps" no more be forced to roam.
Then we will have no *paupers* any more.
Working people must demand
For their labor homes and land.
Then we'll have no (self-killing, jail-filling) paupers any more.

We want to pay at once the bonds
With Greenbacks which the Nation owns,
And cancel all the gold coupons.
Then we'll have no *gamblers* any more.
Virtue then will not be sold.
Gods no longer made of gold.
Then we'll have no (stock-jobbing, labor-robbing) gamblers any more.

We want to learn the power of love,
To ask more wisdom from above
And for our emblem take the dove.
Then we'll have no *lawyers* any more.
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Throughout all the world shall reign.
Then we'll have no (strife-making, scrip-taking) lawyers any more.

We want to work, and cure our ills
With exercise instead of pills,
To take no poison drug that kills.
Then we'll have no *doctors* any more.
Fruits, herbs, roots and leaves of trees,
With hygiene will cure disease.
Then we'll have no (drug-dealing, dram dosing) doctors any more.

* The words in parentheses may be omitted in singing, or spoken by the leading voice, with names and *local hits* to each verse.

We want all men to know the Lord,
When labor has its full reward
Love will forever sheathe the sword.
Then we'll have no *preachers* any more.
Clergymen of every school
Must teach the gospel "Golden Rule."
Then we'll have no (proud-feeling, wine-dealing) preachers any more.

We want the voice and vote of women,
Their inspiration must teach true men
That equal rights are just and humane.
Then we'll have no *politicians* any more.
Sex does not belong to mind,
Demagogues will surely find.
Then we'll have no (vote-buying, wire-pulling) politicians any more.

We want young maids to make good wives,
When industry once more revives;
Men won't shun wedlock all their lives.
Then we'll have no *bachelors* any more.
Men and women then will own,
'Tis not good to live alone.
Then we'll have no (self-hating, slow-mating) old bachelors any more.

We want young wives to dress more neat,
With dry goods never sweep the streets,
But prove to man a true help-meet.
Then we'll have no *old maids* any more.
When the girls refuse to lace,
Powder, prink, and paint the face,
Then we'll have no (fuss-making, snuff-taking) old maids any more.

We want to keep pure, and refuse
Cigars and snuff, with filthy chews,
And poisons which the health abuse.
Then we'll have no *tobacco* any more.
Quit at once the nasty weed,
And you'll not regret the deed.
Then we'll have no (cancer-causing, breath-polluting) tobacco any more.

We want no giant wrong to reign ;
When workingmen learn to abstain
From each excess, when all refrain,
Then we'll have no *drunkards* any more.
Reason's rule will then have sway,
Sweeping vice and crime away.
Then we'll have no (crime-making, heart-breaking) drunkards any more.

We want to strive with word and song,
To overcome all crime and wrong,
And vote the "good time" right along,
Then we'll have no *hard times* any more.
Loving each to live for others,
All will be one band of brothers,
Then we'll have no (hard-money, hard-hearted, John Sherman causing) hard times any more.

REFORM IS NOW WANTED.

Reform is now wanted—the time is at hand,
Predicted by prophets and sages of light,
When people and preachers must boldly demand
That religion shall blend with reason and right.

Reform is now wanted—the old wrongs must die,
The fetters of fashion must fall from her slaves,
Fair freedom of progress descends from on high
To rescue earth's millions from premature graves.

Reform is now wanted—for warfare will wage
Between the old dogmas and truths that are new;
The workingmen's army must bravely engage
To battle for justice—and all that is true.

Reform is now wanted—the right to sustain;
The truest a treacherous kiss may deceive,
But martyrs of freedom have not died in vain,
Proud high priests may rejoice but the truth will live.

Reform is now wanted—while women of worth,
Are moved by a power they dare not restrain ;
The mothers of great men, the noblest of earth,
The angels are aiding their rights to obtain.

Reform is now wanted—the land must be free,
No true, legal title to man has been given ;
The land-thieves and robbers will yet learn to see
Why rich men can't enter the kingdom of Heaven.

Reform is now wanted, from selfishness free,
Together all dwelling a brotherly band;
The true friends of progress must let the world see
The might of our motto—"United we stand !"

Reform is now wanted—the discords that yield
All the forms of disease for which drugs are given,
By obeying the laws may soon all be healed
With a power divine which comes down from Heaven.

Reform is now wanted—thyself thou must know
The light of all wisdom to thee it will give.
The science of nature its light will bestow,
To solve thy life's lessons and teach thee to live.

Reform is now wanted—tobacco and rum
Have robbed men of reason and ruled them too long;
Pure temples, more perfect, we each must become,
Then vice will diminish and virtue grow strong.

Reform is now wanted—the time soon must come,
When passion and mammon their courses have run,
Then Greenbacks will give to each outcast a home,
For the rich with the poor will all become one.

Reform is now wanted—the truth we hold dear,
As sermons proclaimed from the summit of good.
The National party will bring with good cheer
To hearts that are yearning for man's brotherhood.

DOWN WITH THE MONEY KING.

Air, *John Brown.*

THE Greenback labor boys, both with speeches and with song, [along;
The Greenback labor boys now are marching right
The Greenback labor boys mean to put down fraud and wrong.

Chorus. Let all the people sing, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Down with the Money King.

Though the bankers rule the press with their subsidy of gold, [were told,
Though the bankers rule the press it is time that they
Though the bankers rule the press Greenback voters can't be sold. *Chorus.* Let all, &c.

Soon the old party frauds, please remember what we say,
Soon the old party frauds, sure as next election day,
Soon the old party frauds we are bound to wipe away.
Chorus. Let all, &c.

The men who pay the taxes have got tired of the drones;
The men who pay the taxes hear too much about coupons;
The men who pay the taxes soon will smash the banks and bonds. *Chorus.* Let all, &c.

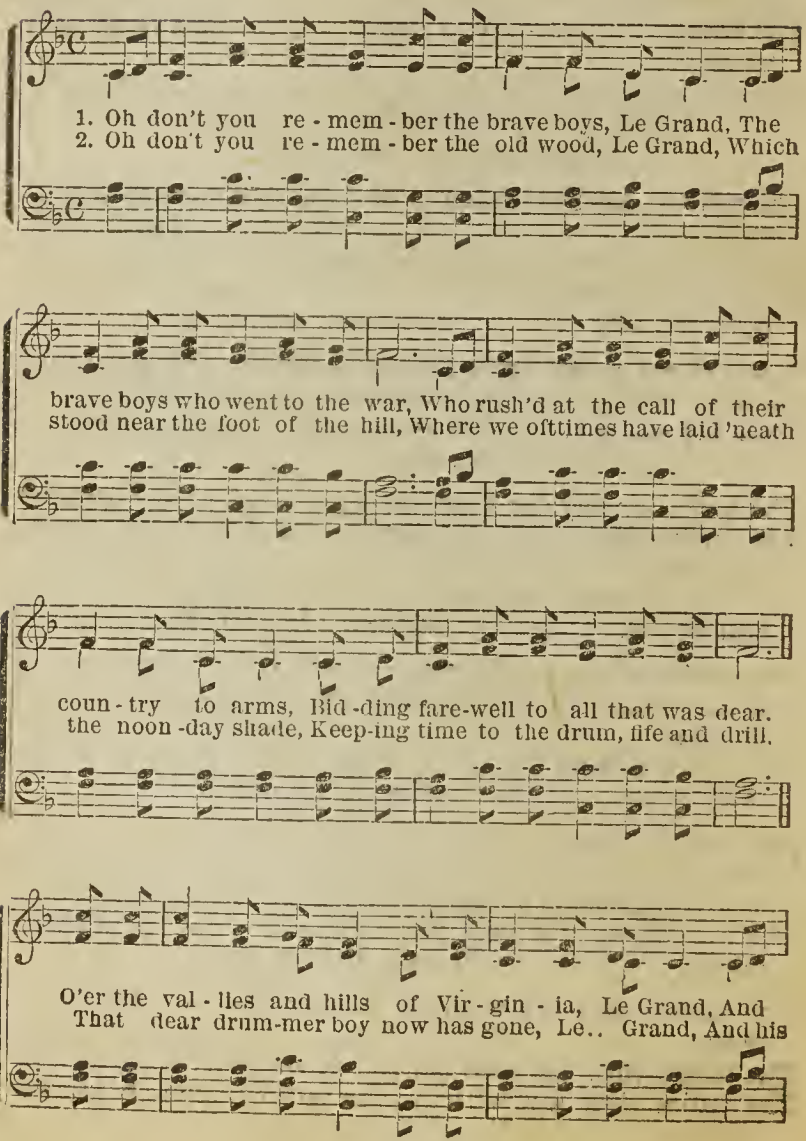
The business men are learning that contraction is a curse;
The business men are learning that resumption is still worse;
The business men are learning they want Greenbacks in their purse. *Chorus.* Let all, &c.

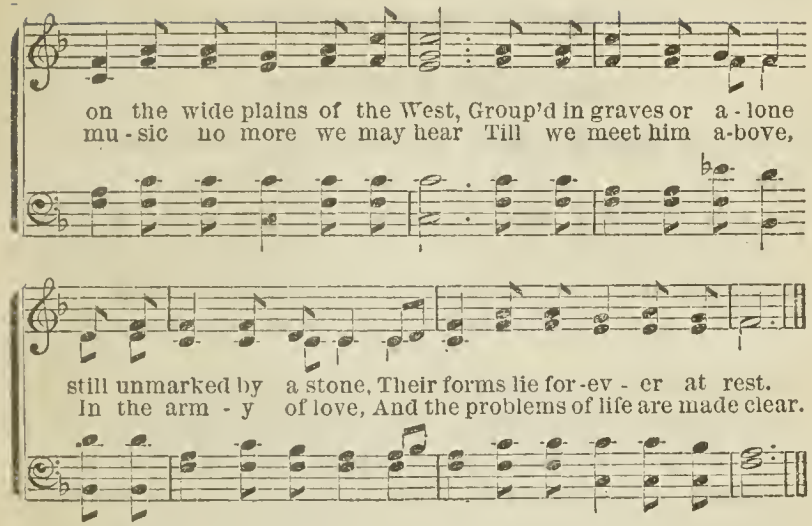
The workingmen's party know full well that they are right;
The workingmen's party have resolved they will unite;
The workingmen's party by their votes will show their might. *Chorus.* Let all, &c.

The ladies they are with us, in our platform they can trust; [just;
The ladies they are with us, for we own their claims are
The ladies they are with us, we will conquer, boys, we must! *Chorus.* Let all, &c.

OH DON'T YOU REMEMBER!

B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. Oh don't you re - mem - ber the brave boys, Le Grand, The
2. Oh don't you re - mem - ber the old wood, Le Grand, Which
brave boys who went to the war, Who rush'd at the call of their
stood near the foot of the hill, Where we ofttimes have laid 'neath
coun - try to arms, Bid - ding fare-well to all that was dear.
the noon - day shade, Keep-ing time to the drum, fife and drill.
O'er the val - lies and hills of Vir - gin - ia, Le Grand, And
That dear drum-mer boy now has gone, Le.. Grand, And his


on the wide plains of the West, Group'd in graves or a-lone
mu-sic no more we may hear Till we meet him a-bove,
still unmarked by a stone, Their forms lie for-ev-er at rest.
In the arm-y of love, And the problems of life are made clear.

Oh, don't you remember the camp ground, Le Grand,
With the Colonel so kind, brave and true,
And the cool shady nook by the clear water brook,
Where they hoisted the red, white and blue.
Birds sing on the grave of the Colonel, Le Grand,
Their sweet fragrance the wild flowers yield,
And among the brave men who were soldiers then,
Man thousands fell dead on the field.

'Twas the fierce lust for gold wrought this ruin, Le Grand,
For it roused up the people to fight,
And it brought on defeat, both by sea and by land,
To the brave men who fought with such might.
Mammon robs men of reason and love, Le Grand,
Makes a brother combat with his kin,
Turns a saint to a knave, makes the free man a slave,
And is father to all forms of sin.

But a change in the land we have loved, Le Grand,
A change from the false to the true,
Brings to labor a hope that the time is at hand
When the old shall give place to the new.
Then the right evermore shall prevail, Le Grand,
"Peace on earth" once again as of yore,
With a shout will ring forth, east and west, south and north,
"Then the nations shall learn war no more."

WHAT WE WANT.

Air, *Things I Don't Like to see.*

WHAT we want is reform, all the people well know,
And the road to reform is most easy to show;
Though the task may be great, yet the work will be done
When our faults we forsake and each reforms one.

CHORUS.

A most excellent thing is reform for mankind,
'Tis the want of all *parties** and people we find,
Rally then for reform, but remember each one,
We must first reform self, then the work will be done.

We want preachers of truth, the old methods to mend,
Till religion and reason together shall blend.
To preach a good sermon may be easily done,
But practice your precepts, and each reform one. CHO.

We want lawyers to take our advice without fee,
Though with this opinion they may not all agree;
Let your plea be for peace,—strife and law always shun,
Then you and your clients will each reform one. CHO.

We want doctors to work for reform night and day,
And so do their patients, for indeed well they may;
But among the new schools, the reform has begun,
They practice a method that must reform one. CHO.

We want merchants who make such a splendid display
Of silk robes and ribbons, with dry goods rich and gay,
To pay proper wages for the work they get done,
If not they are robbers, till each reforms one. CHORUS.

* The word "parties" is changed in the chorus to each verse, substituting "lawyer," "doctor," &c., and the name of some well-known citizen may be used in place of "people," thus, "'Tis the want of Lawyer Ben Butler," &c.

We want workmen of every condition to know
That when labor unites it can soon overthrow
Every form of injustice found under the sun.
Combine then and conquer; let each reform one. CHO.

We want voters to send honest men to make laws,
And remember reform is the life of their cause.
Bondholders and bankers then will soon have the fun
Of earning their living when each reforms one. CHO.

We want dandies in kids, with a meerschaum or cane,
To forsake all such follies, as drinking champagne;
Many thousands the road down to ruin have run;
Then learn to love labor and each reform one. CHO.

We want, ladies, to lisp just one thought in your ear:
Be precisely the thing you take pains to appear;
For father and brother, for your husband or son,
Have a smile and a kind word, and each reform one.
CHORUS.

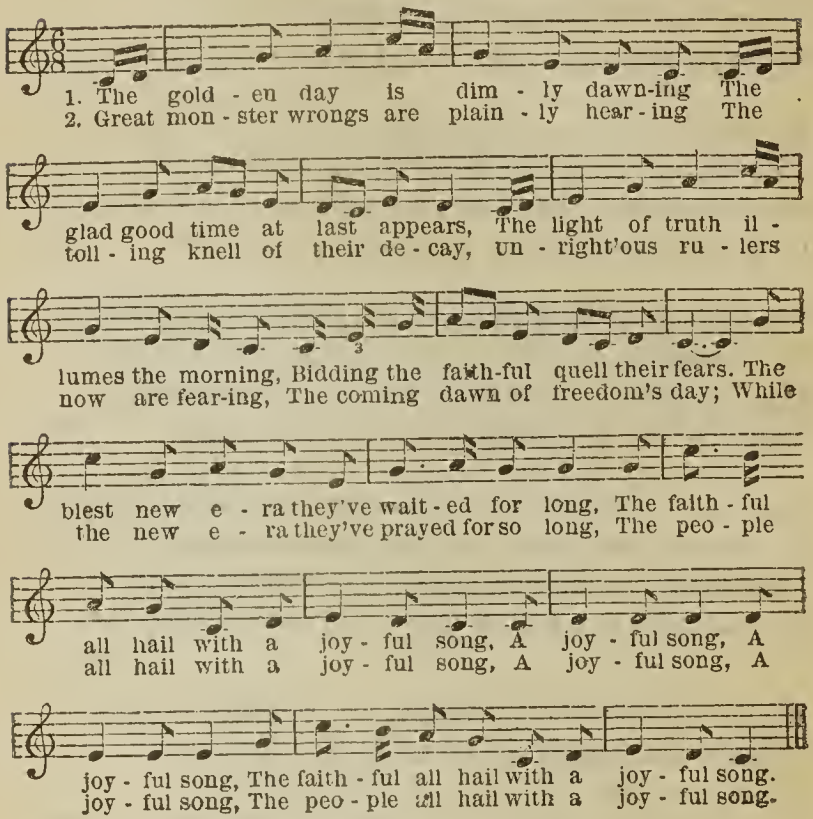
We want speakers who talk to the people so true,
To hear one suggestion we shall offer for you:
While pointing out vices and habits to shun,
Live up to your teaching and each reform one. CHO.

We want, we, the people, our own matters to mind,
Each our own sins to see but to others be blind,
So when from our own eyes we have pulled out the beam,
The mote in our brother's much smaller will seem. CHO.

We want all the nations to enlist for reform,
Till the hungry are fed and the naked made warm;
Then we'll sing a new song, full of music and mirth,
How reforming ourselves has reformed the whole earth.
CHORUS.

THE GOLDEN DAY IS DAWNING.

Words and Music by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. The gold - en day is dim - ly dawn-ing The
2. Great mon - ster wrongs are plain - ly hear - ing The
glad good time at last appears, The light of truth il -
toll - ing knell of their de - cay, un - right'ous ru - lers
lumes the morning, Bidding the faith-ful quell their fears. The
now are fear-ing, The coming dawn of freedom's day; While
blest new e - ra they've wait - ed for long, The faith - ful
the new e - ra they've prayed for so long, The peo - ple
all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful song, A
all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful song, A
joy - ful song, The faith - ful all hail with a joy - ful song.
joy - ful song, The peo - ple all hail with a joy - ful song.

The voice of truth the world is turning,
While justice holds the scales in hand,
And all earth's nations now are learning
That right must rule in every land.
While the new era they've looked for so long,
The nations all hail with a joyful song.

Light from the land of endless morning,
Shows peace through all the earth shall reign
When humane hearts shall heed the warning,
And sever every woman's chain;
Then the new era they've worked for so long
Free women will hail with a joyful song.

The hosts of heaven and earth combining,
Will carry on the work begun,
The star of hope within us shining
Proclaims the victory well nigh won;
Then the new era they've hoped for so long,
The angels will hail with a joyful song.

Then in the golden good time coming,
When right is might, by truth made free,
The earth more bright than Eden blooming
Will swell with songs of liberty;
Then the new era they've toiled for so long,
Workingmen will hail with a joyful song.

WHEN WORKINGMEN COMBINE.

Air, *Auld Lang Syne.*

Shall song and music be forgot
When workingmen combine,
With love united may they not
Have power almost divine?

Shall those who raise the fruits and grains,
Who feed and clothe the race,
Tramp through the land and for their pains,
Starve, branded with disgrace?

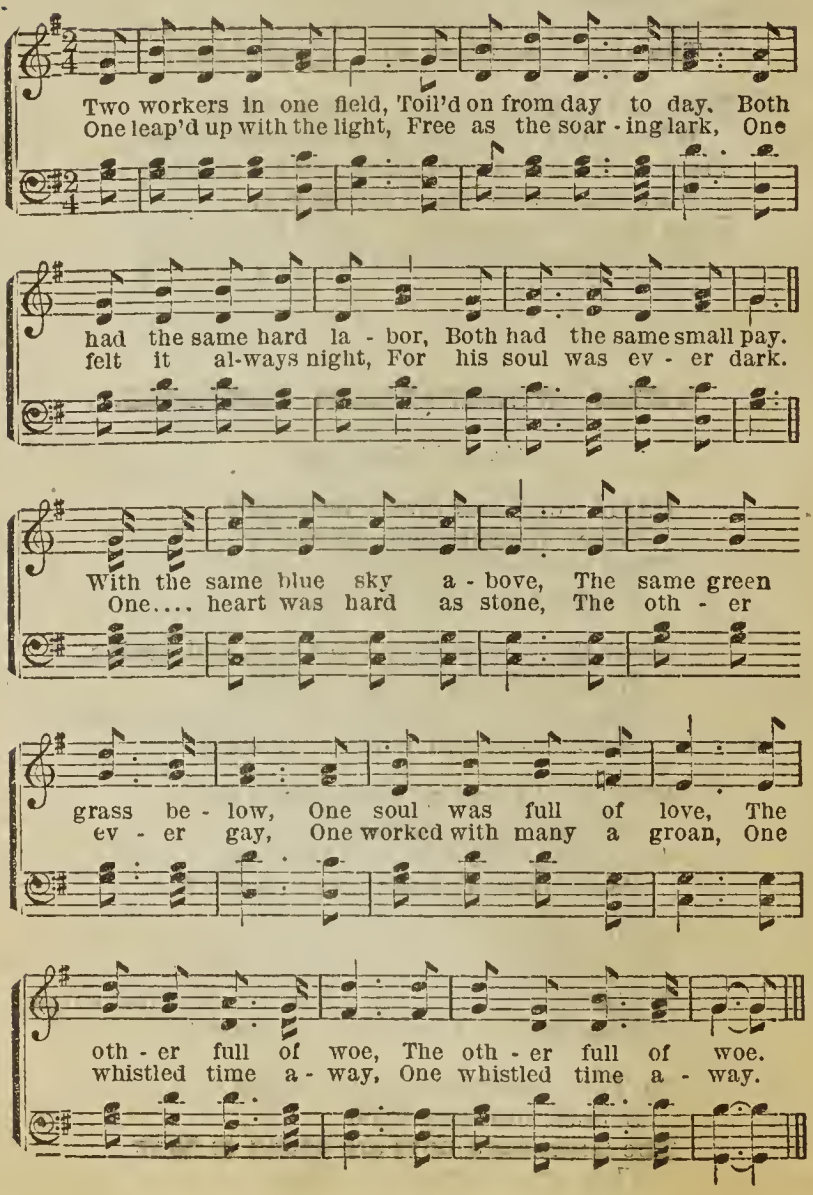
Shall banks and railroad kings unite
For base and selfish ends,
And those who labor for the right,
Prove false and not true friends?

Shall idle drones still live like kings
On labor not their own?
While true men starve, shall thieves and rings
Reap where they have not sown?

No! by the Powers Eternal, *No!*
It must not longer be.
The Greenback boys are bound to show
That workingmen are Free.

TWO WORKERS IN ONE FIELD.

W. J. Wetmore.


Two workers in one field, Toil'd on from day to day, Both
One leap'd up with the light, Free as the soar - ing lark, One
had the same hard la - bor, Both had the same small pay.
felt it al-ways night, For his soul was ev - er dark.
With the same blue sky a - bove, The same green
One.... heart was hard as stone, The oth - er
grass be - low, One soul was full of love, The
ev - er gay, One worked with many a groan, One
oth - er full of woe, The oth - er full of woe.
whistled time a - way, One whistled time a - way.

One had a garden plot;
Near by a rippling rill;
Wife and children graced his cot,
And made home sweeter still.
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, strife and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,
His family starved within.

Still working in one field,
Toiling from day to day,
Both have the same hard labor,
Both have the same small pay.
But they work not with one will.
The reason let me tell:
Lo, the one drinks at the *still*,
The other at the *well*.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it light, and like the lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room, he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look, made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those that love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
When, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

THE BANKERS AND I ARE OUT.

By T. W. Taylor.

I can't make out to save my life why I should be so poor;
I work and save from morn till night, and yet I can't secure
Enough to get our food and clothes and shelter over-head;
It makes me feel so sad sometimes, I wish that I was dead.

And then I look at Nancy Jane, who rises with the sun,
She cooks and cleans and mends the clothes—her work is never done,
And yet we find, with all our work, and saving all we can,
When rent day comes it finds us short, no matter how we plan.

And yet they say that God is just, rewarding each and all,
According to our deeds on earth we all might rise or fall;
And each must earn his daily bread by sweat from his own brow,
And not go sneaking 'round, and rob the man who holds the plow.

There's Banker Jones across the way, who rolls in wealth and style,
And yet he does no useful work, but still he makes a pile;
His wife can dress in silks and lace, and make a splendid show,
A coach and four to take her out wherever she may go.

You ought to see them go to church and sit in cushioned pews,
And make believe they're Christians, and yet they're naught but "Jews;"
They live six days by shaving notes and robbing honest toil,
And then they try to cheat the Lord with sanctimonious smile.

You will remember, Nancy Jane, when first the war broke out,
The workman left the plow and loom, and loudly they did shout,

"To arms ! to arms ! your country calls—she needs strong men and means."
And soon three hundred thousand men were marching o'er the plains.

And Widow Smith, whose husband fell at Gettysburg, you know,
Was left with six small boys and girls, to share her want and woe;
She went to Banker Jones one day, and borrowed on her farm,
He charged her twelve per cent. or more, and thought it was no harm.

Her farm was taxed for Jones's bonds, and interest running on,
Until the farm was swallowed up, and all she had was gone.
Now, John ! it seems so strange to me, I've puzzled night and day,
To know why bonds should go untaxed, and soldier's widows pay.

And what seems stranger yet than all, I've heard the soldiers say,
It's right for bonds to go untaxed, the war debt for to pay.
When Uncle Sam wants fighting done it's right to draft the men,
And force them, tho' their wives and babes ne'er look on them again.

But when it comes to drafting means, it's quite another thing—
We have to go on bended knees before the Money King;
May it please your Majesty, our country sorely needs
Some gold to carry on the war—see how the nation bleeds.

Men are cheap, and if *they die*, we've others for their place;
But your *gold's* a *sacred* thing, so may it please your grace
To name the terms you'll loan it on, we'll meet it if we can,
We'll make our laws to suit your wants if you will state your plan.

Dear Uncle Sam, our terms are these, on which we'll take your bonds,
Two dollars we will take for one, put on the gold coupons,
And take these bonds and keep them safe, and then return us back
Twice the sum we've loaned to you, less ten per cent. it lack.

Says Uncle Sam, "It's rather hard, to meet such terms as these,
But workingmen will pay it all, so fix it as you please."
Now Nancy Jane, to tell the truth, our freedom's all a sham—
We vote and fight for knaves and fools, who plunder Uncle Sam.

They make our laws to suit the rich, and then divide the spoil,
And we, like fools, don't seem to know its robbing honest toil;
'Tis gold that rules the Church and State, in fact, it rules the world,
And will until the people rise, with freedom's flag unfurled.

And let that flag this motto bear, in letters all can read:
'Tis labor that produces all, let it be first to feed!
Let drones and knaves pick up the crumbs, that's all that they deserve,
Until they do some useful work, some useful purpose serve.

Let East and West, and North and South, unite with heart and hand,
And rout the thieves and party hacks who've ruined this fair land;
Or let us bow our heads in shame, in sackcloth let us fix,
And own ourselves unworthy sons of sires of seventy-six.

"Let those who've lived for self alone on wealth they did not earn,
When death shall come to claim his own this solemn lesson learn:
As ye hath sown so shall ye reap, for this is God's great plan,
That none can truly serve the Lord who robs his fellow-man."

RALLY, BOYS, FOR GREENBACKS.

Air, *Few Days.*

THE workingmen are growing strong
For Greenbacks, for Greenbacks;
They mean to right all forms of wrong,
And crush the money power.
The workingmen, a mighty band,
With ballots, free ballots,
Will drive oppression from the land
For ever, ever more.

Chorus. Then rally, boys, hurrah for Greenbacks,
Greenbacks, Greenbacks;
Then rally, boys, for the good old Greenbacks,
They must and shall prevail.

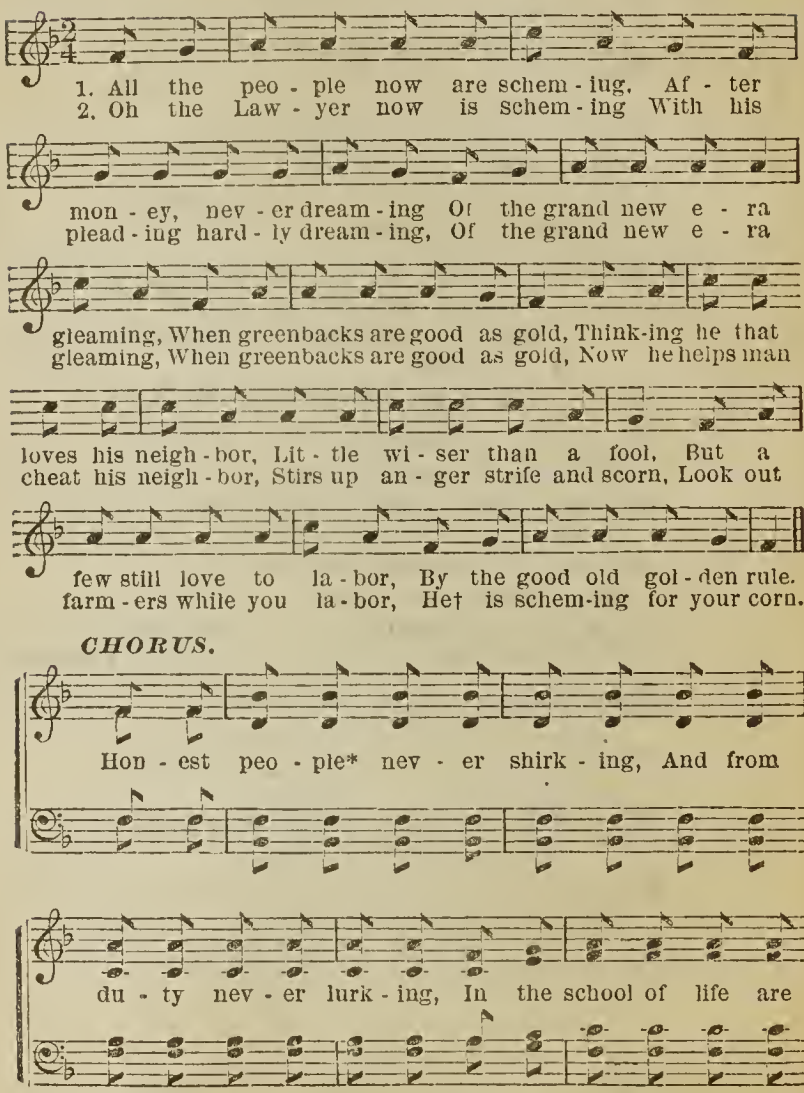
We want no class rule in this land
Of freemen, yes, freemen;
No money lords can longer stand,
When right obtains control.
Old party chains are breaking fast;
The voters, free voters,
Have formed a union, which shall last
Till ages cease to roll. CHORUS.

The workingmen are bound to rule;
Then paupers, rich paupers,
Will have to work in life's great school
And earn their daily bread;
Then justice, with her flag unfurled,
In triumph, grand triumph,
Shall reign supreme in all the world,
The starving millions fed. CHORUS.

Then, workingmen, be brave and free;
Take courage, true courage;
The Greenback cause, with harmony,
Will slay the money king.
Come one, come all, and join our band
For justice, sure justice,
Dealt out to all with even hand,
Let all the people sing, "Glory, Glory," &c.

ALL THE PEOPLE NOW ARE SCHEMING.

Words and Music by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. All the peo - ple now are schem - ing, Af - ter
2. Oh the Law - yer now is schem - ing With his
mon - ey, nev - er dream - ing Of the grand new e - ra
plead - ing hard - ly dream - ing, Of the grand new e - ra
gleaming, When greenbacks are good as gold, Think-ing he that
gleaming, When greenbacks are good as gold, Now he helps man
loves his neigh - bor, Lit - tle wi - ser than a fool, But a
cheat his neigh - bor, Stirs up an - ger strife and scorn, Look out
few still love to la - bor, By the good old gol - den rule.
farm - ers while you la - bor, He† is schem-ing for your corn.
CHORUS.
Hon - est peo - ple* nev - er shirk - ing, And from
du - ty nev - er lurk - ing, In the school of life are

* This word in the chorus may be changed to suit each verse.

† The name of some leading citizen may be mentioned at the last line of each, thus: "Beecher is scheming for your dimes," "Butler for your votes," &c.

Oh, the doctor now is scheming,
With his physic he is dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now he tries with drugs to cure you,
Or may dose with gin and honey,
But when dead, let me assure you,
He is scheming for your money. CHORUS.

Oh, the preacher now is scheming,
With his sermons scarcely dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now he points the way to heaven,
Or the place to punish crimes,
Then he asks for a collection,
He is scheming for the dimes. CHORUS.

Oh, the statesman now is scheming
With his speeches, never dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now each new campaign you'll see him,
Take the stump or turn his coat.
How he loves the working people!
He is scheming for their vote. CHORUS.

Oh, the merchant now is scheming
With his prices, faintly dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now with new goods cheap and ready,
Dresses, laces, cloaks and collars,
When he smiles and flatters, lady,
He is scheming for your dollars. CHORUS.

Oh, the landlord now is scheming
With his hotel, hardly dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now he sets a splendid table,
Bids you eat and drink your fill,
But remember, when you settle,
He is scheming for his bill. CHORUS.

Oh, the printer now is seheming,
With his paper, faintly dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbaeks are good as gold.
He employs the very devil,
And they manufaeture news,
But he ne'er forgets an item:
He is scheming for his dues. CHORUS.

Oh, the bankers now are scheming,
Free from taxes, never dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbaeks are good as gold.
Now the idle, rieh bondholder,
Calls the people's money trash;
With his great resumption swindle,
He is seheming after cash. CHORUS.

Oh, the poor man now is seheming
For a homestead, hoping, dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
Now he begs or toils for others,
While "the tramp" is foreed to roam,
Hungry, naked, sad and friendless,
He is seheming for a home. CHORUS.

Oh, the women now are seheming
For the ballot, fondly dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
When Greenbacks are good as gold.
They want good men placed in office;
Men who can't be sold or bought;

To obtain impartial justice
They are scheming for the vote. CHORUS.

Oh, the young swell now is scheming,
With his courting, never dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
What he wants to wed is gold.
Now he sighs and calls her honey,
Swears he loves her more than self,
Till he learns she has no money.
He is scheming after pelf. CHORUS.

Oh, the young belle now is scheming,
With her flirting, never dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
What she wants to wed is gold.
She will prink, lace, paint and powder,
To her parents prove a curse;
But beware, young man of merit,
She is scheming for your purse. CHORUS.

Oh, the singer now is scheming,
With his rhyming, ever dreaming
Of the grand new era gleaming,
He wants Greenbacks more than gold.
While he sings of reformation,
Right shall triumph over wrong.
Nationals must rule the Nation,
Is the scheming of his song. CHORUS.

Hark, the workingmen are scheming;
Honest labor no more dreaming,
With the grand new era gleaming,
Greenbacks are worth more than gold.
From all wants and woes they free us;
Heaven and earth they will combine.
Like the Golden Rule from Jesus,
Greenback scheming is divine.
Blessed angel voices singing,
Through the courts of heaven ringing,
Peace on earth to man are bringing.
Greenbacks and the Golden Rule.

MEN AND MONKEYS.

By F. W. Taylor.

A tribe of monkeys met one day
To settle some disputes,
That they had had among themselves
Concerning men and brutes.
And as I chanced to pass that way,
I felt an inclination
To hear what monkeys had to say,
And got an invitation.

Says I to one, "There's some mistake—
Explain it if you can—
Do you me for a monkey take?
Or call yourself a man?"
Says he, "My friend, there's no mistake,
As far as we're concerned.
This question rose among you men,
And men that you call learned."

It seems these monkeys all had heard
Of Darwin's famous plan,
That from their ancient sires had sprung,
The present race of man.
They sent a delegation out,
To learn more of this race,
And found a slight resemblance,
But only in the face.

One monkey rose and told the rest,
What he had learned of men,
And if my friends all think it best,
I'll tell it o'er again.
Says he: "I've travelled far and wide;
I've seen wise men and fools;
I've seen them in their churches pray,
And seen them in their schools.

"I've seen men drink, and swear, and fight,
And tear each others' eyes;
I've heard them tell for solemn truth
The most blasphemous lies.

I've seen men do a thousand things
Too foolish to be told,
And yet they claim to be as wise
As Solomon of old.

"In fact old Solomon himself,
Did many a foolish thing;
But people called him very wise
Because he was a king.
A king, though he be born a fool,
Or stupid as an ass,
Will find his most obedient tools,
Among the working-class.

"The workingmen will pass resolves,
To put oppression down,
Yet crawl and cringe before the king,
Because he wears a crown.
They toil and sweat from morn till night,
Until they fill their graves,
And feed a pack of titled drones,
Who use them as their slaves."

Another monkey took the floor,
And thus addressed the crowd:
"If Darwin's story be correct,
You need not feel so proud
To learn that men were monkeys once;
They act like willing asses,
Who carry burdens all their lives
As do the working classes.

"Disgusted with the rule of kings,
And with their cringing tools,
I went to free America
Where boasting freedom rules;
Where Yankee Doodles fit and bled
To free themselves from kings;
I found that their degenerate sons
Were ruled by thieves and rings.

"When knaves and thieves get up a fight,
To settle their disputes,
The workingmen will rush pell-mell,
And play the human brutes:

The knaves will then divide the gold,
The fools divide the lead;
And then they shoot each other down,
Till half the fools are dead.

"The other half will then go home
And work like willing slaves,
To help to pay the war debt off,
And then fill pauper's graves.
When workingmen were in the field,
And fighting brave and bold,
The Wall street thieves, like fiends of hell,
Were gambling in the gold.

"Men boast of their religion,
And they boast of their free schools;
But should you monkeys act like them
They'd say that you were fools;
And I would say the same myself,
In fact I'd hide my face;
If you should ever act like men
I'd cease to own my race.

"I feel ashamed to tell you how
The workingmen will act;
I scarcely could believe myself,
Until I proved the fact.
They spin, and weave, and make fine things,
For lazy drones to wear.
They plow and sow, they reap and mow,
And get the smallest share.

"And when they've filled the land with wealth,
With scarcely room for more,
The drones will take and pile it up,
And keep it all in store.
The workingmen will stand and gaze,
And raise the silly cry:
'Because we have produced so much,
We've got to starve and die.'

"While those who neither toil nor spin,
Have plenty, and to spare,
They seem to claim a lawful right
To other people's share;

The workingmen are ruled by knaves,
And by the noses led,
And then are put in paupers' graves
As soon as they are dead.

"When Providence is kind to us,
And sends abundant fruits,
We don't go 'round and cry 'hard times,'
As do the human brutes.
We go to work as monkeys should,
And gather in our store,
Each monkey gets what he has earned
And does not ask for more.

"But men have quite reversed our plan,
They plunder one another;
Each one stealing all he can
And brother robbing brother.
And then, they go to church and pray
For God to give them grace:
'If not, O Lord, then give us gold,
We'll take it in its place.'"

The meeting then adjourned, sine die,
And I was left behind,
To ponder o'er what I had heard
About the human kind.
And now, my friends, my story ends,
This moral fits the case:
Let workingmen co-operate
And free the human race.

ACRES AND HANDS.

By A. J. H. Duganne.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"
Said God's most holy word.
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth,
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
While millions of acres want hands!

Sunlight and breezes, and gladsome flowers,
Are over the earth spread wide ;
And the good God gave these gifts to men—
To men who on earth abide ;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands !

Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn ;
And never a plot where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow, the woods grow rank ;
Yet idle the poor man stands !
Though millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands !

'Tis writ, that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn !"
But behold ! ye shackle the poor man's hands,
That have all earth's burdens borne.
The land is the gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his word commands ;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands !

Who hath ordained that a few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold ?
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold !
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of land ?
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands !

'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day—
This robbery of men's rights !
'Tis a lie, that the word of the Lord disowns;
'Tis a curse that burns and blights !
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise,
And swear, while they break their bands,
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres shall henceforth have hands !

A THOUSAND YEARS OF GREENBACKS.

Air, *A Thousand Years.*

THE Nation's Greenback men are pleading,
Prayers for the poor tramp greet our ears;
The voice of truth good men are heeding,
And Greenbacks shall reign for a thousand years.

CHORUS. For ever more, then shout the chorus,
The day has come, the light appears,
Its morning dawn is just before us,
Then greenbacks shall reign for a thousand years.

The battle storms may rage around us,
Right will prevail, then quell your fears,
Wrong rule shall cease, the chains that bound us
Can bind us no more for all coming years.
CHORUS.

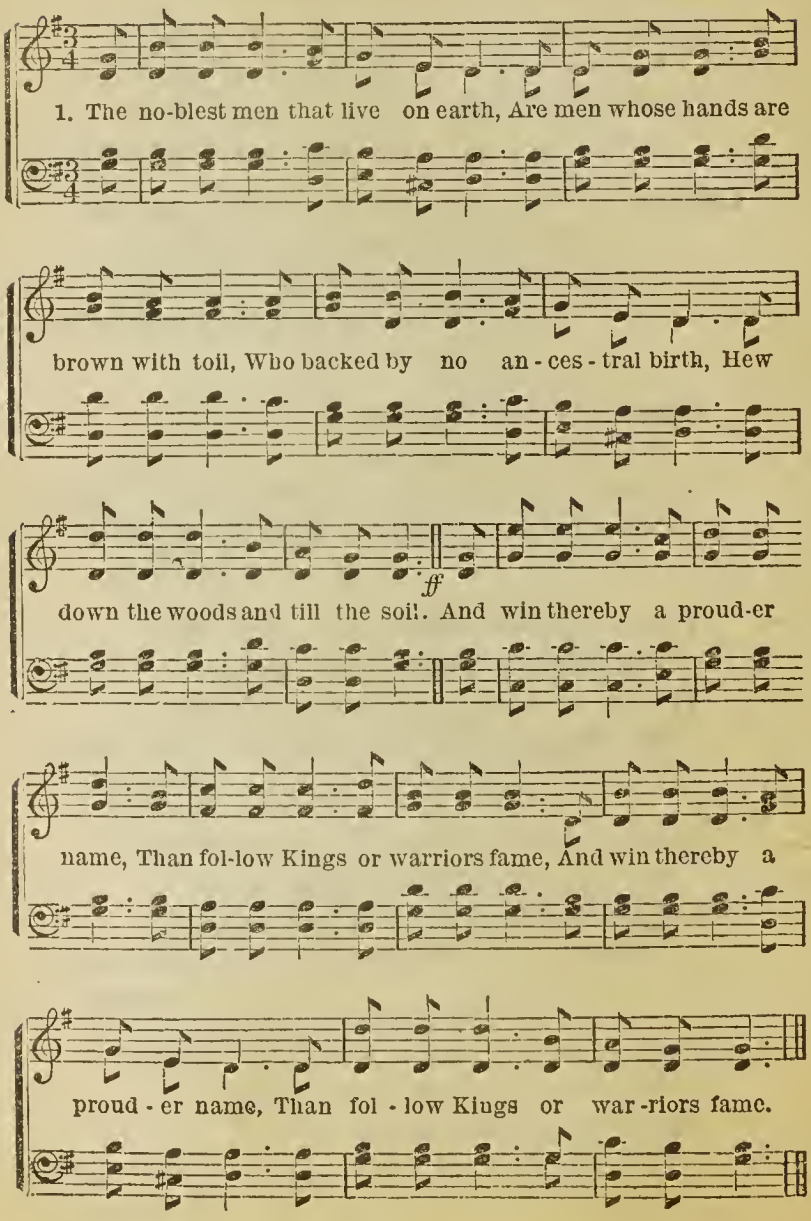
The war clouds gleam with silver lining,
The bow of promise now appears,
The sun of truth, now faintly shining,
Will light all the world for a thousand years.
CHORUS.

Great souls on earth, all those who love us
Sweet angels from the higher spheres,
The world below, the heavens above us,
Will swell the glad song for a thousand years.
CHORUS.

Then onward, upward, shout the chorus
Till every homeless outcast hears,
The victory is just before us,
Then Greenbacks shall reign for ten thousand years.
CHORUS.

THE NOBLEST MEN WHO LIVE ON EARTH.

W. J. WETMORE.


1. The no-blest men that live on earth, Are men whose hands are
brown with toil, Who backed by no an-ces-tral birth, Hew
ff
down the woods and till the soil. And win thereby a proud-er
name, Than fol-low Kings or warriors fame, And win thereby a
proud-er name, Than fol-low Kings or war-riors fame.

The workingmen, whate'er their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brow
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble workingmen,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them, for their sweating hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

THE WORLD WILL BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

Air, *The World would be the Better for it.*

When man shall keep the great command,
Feeling the same for self and neighbor,
When right, not gold, shall rule the land,
When all shall live by honest labor,
When justice, truth, and liberty,
Bring peace on earth, each one to share it,
When all shall be equal and free,
The world will be the better for it.

When men care less for crowns of gold,
Laying up treasures more by giving
To feed the hungry, poor and old,
And teach them better ways of living;
When men of wealth are more inclined
To pay for truth, love, and adore it,
When all mankind prize worth of mind,
The world will be the better for it.

When men care less for what folks say,
Taking more care to curb their passions,
When woman shall refuse to pay
Allegiance unto foreign fashions,
When she shall never more compress
Her form divine to cramp and mar it,

When all care less for show and dress
The world will be the better for it.

When men care less for gin and rum,
And less for wine, ale, beer and brandy,
For nostrums which the nerves benumb,
For poison drugs with pills of candy;
When men shall eat the purest food,
Refuse tobacco and abhor it,
When Reason's ken shall govern men,
The world will be the better for it.

When men care less for forms and creed,
And less for priests paid high for preaching,
When men serve men by noble deeds
And hearken to the Spirit's teaching,
When men shall not deny the truth,
Nor dare again to pierce and scar it,
When all shall know each other's woe,
The world will be the better for it.

When man fair paradise shall gain,
And converse hold with seraph wardens,
When house and land each shall obtain,
Where pure love dwells in peaceful gardens;
When all men work and dress the earth
Till golden grains and fruits bend o'er it,
With *homes* secure, none rich, none poor,
The world will be the better for it.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

By H. T. Stanton.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and the wretched may ask and receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah, search the wide world, every dwelling-place scan,
There is no open door to a moneyless man.

Go look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas the wildering view,
Go there to the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go look in the church with a cloud-reaching spire,
Which returns to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the columns and arches are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens his pew for the moneyless man.

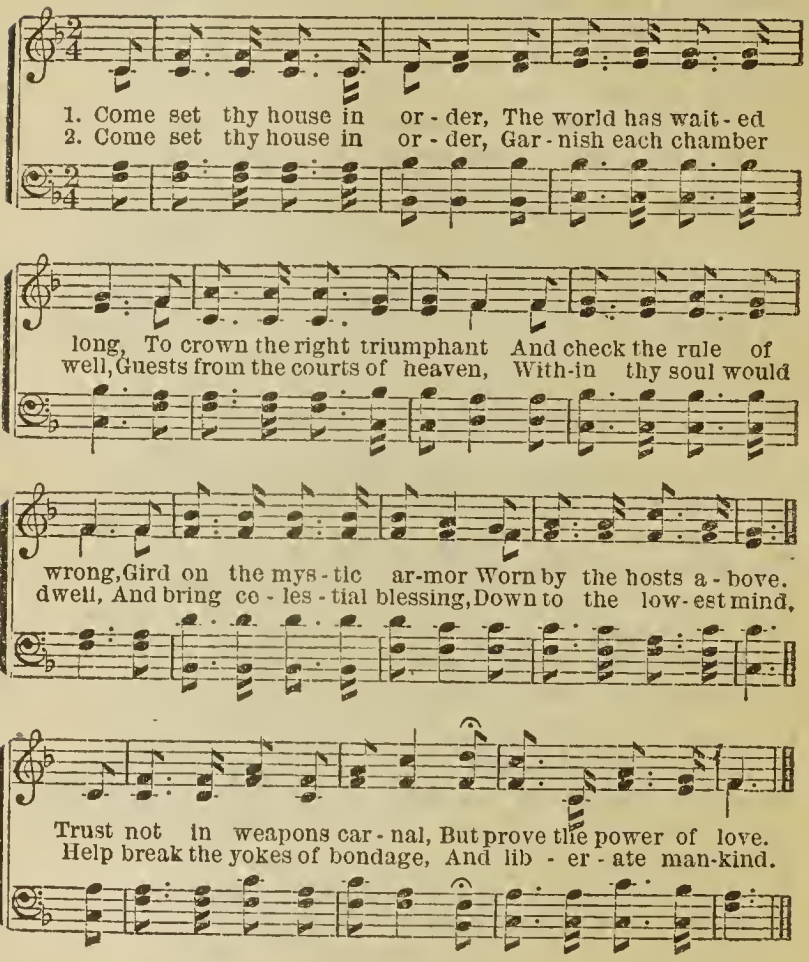
Go look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold,
Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor
Lies piles upon piles of the glittering ore.
Walk up to their counters; ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old and your locks grow gray,
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to loan to the moneyless man.

Go look to your judge in his dark flowing gown
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong,
Where he punishes right whilst he justifies wrong,
Where jurics their lips on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made,
Go there in the court room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of the moneyless man.

Then go back to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread,
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost.
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

SET THY HOUSE IN ORDER. *

Words and Music by B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. Come set thy house in or - der, The world has wait - ed
2. Come set thy house in or - der, Gar - nish each chamber
long, To crown the right triumphant And check the rule of
well, Guests from the courts of heaven, With-in thy soul would
wrong, Gird on the mys - tic ar-mor Worn by the hosts a - bove.
dwell, And bring ce - les - tial blessing, Down to the low - est mind,
Trust not in weapons car - nal, But prove the power of love.
Help break the yokes of bondage, And lib - er - ate man-kind.

Come, set thy house in order,
  Let justice be thy shield,
And thou shalt surely conquer
  On life's great battle field.
The foes of truth shall vanish,
  Dark demons all depart,
And Peace, with folded pinions,
  Shall nestle round thy heart.

* Written for the Coming Statesman.

Come, set thy house in order,
  Subdue each selfish love,
With every sordid pleasure
  That comes not from above;
Then will the gates of wisdom
  Be opened wide to thee,
And thou shalt teach the nations
  Truths that shall make them free.

Come, set thy house in order,
  Quell every rising fear,
Life's work to thee appointed,
  Will then be made most clear.
Thou shalt upraise the fallen,
  Shalt bless the poor of earth,
And teach the hoarding miser
  Wealth cannot vie with worth.

Come, set thy house in order,
  Bid foul disease depart,
Not from the body only,
  But from the mind and heart.
Pray that more power be granted,
  Till peace by thy command,
To all the troubled nations
  Comes through thy helping hand.

Come, set thy house in order,
  Nor let thy soul despair,
An unseen hand is waiting
  Thy weary work to share;
To multiply thy blessings,
  Diminish all thy woes,
Grant the most joyous visions,
  And soothe with sweet repose.

Then set thy house in order,
  And guard it with great care,
The conflict fierce is coming,
  For duty now prepare.
The people plead for justice,
  They must not cry in vain:
Vox populi vox Dei,
  And right on earth shall reign.

BREAK EVERY YOKE.

Break every yoke and set thy spirit free,
Nor longer yield to sordid Passion's sway;
This is the path that Truth would choose for thee;
For this the Teacher bids thee ever pray.

Break every yoke—and purify thy heart,
Prepare thy temple for divine abode;
Let wisdom choose for thee the better part,
And lead thee in the strait and narrow road.

Break every yoke—the perverse traits of mind,
With wayward thoughts, which in wild fancy roam,
By constant self control, with prayer combined,
These innate evils all thou can'st o'ercome.

Break every yoke—within may lurk disease
Which baffles skill from every human hand;
Fasting and prayer alone will give release,
And fit thy soul for life in either land.

Break every yoke—nor longer be the slave
Of loathsome habits which pollute thy frame,
Which force thee prematurely to thy grave,
But fast and pray for help in heaven's name.

Break every yoke—does Mammon chain thy soul
With fetters to the fleeting things of earth?
Pray that thy spirit may have full control,
And give thee for thy gains the pearl of worth.

Break every yoke—one thing still lacked the youth.
Sell all thou hast and feed the starving poor;
Thenceforth proclaim and follow after truth,
And thus shalt thou Eternal Life secure.

Break every yoke—when life on earth is past,
Sweet angel guides will waft thy soul away,
Where purest joys shall flow while ages last,
And thou shalt minister to those that pray.

THE GREENBACK YANKEE MEDLEY.

Air, *Cork Leg.*

From my home in the hub of the old Bay State
My trip to New York pray just hear me relate.
The National Party right here let me mention
Asked me to sing at their great convention.
Right shall reign bye and bye
When the Nationals come into power,
Right will reign bye and bye
Then the gold-thieves will rob men no more.

To the grand Cooper hall by the tens and the scores
The people rushed in when they opened the doors,
Flags, torches and banners, quaint mottoes displaying,
While, marching with music all singing and playing.
Joyfully, joyfully shout the glad strain,
Soon we shall triumph, then greenbacks will reign.

The speakers soon came on the stage to discuss
The cause of hard times, and a most terrible fuss
They made about bonds, banks and money kings o'er us,
Then they joined in a song and this was the chorus—
Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful, when gold shall reign no more.

Peter Cooper, the chairman, next arose and said,
Now the greenback and labor platform would be read.
Each speaker proclaimed that the hope of the nation
Was the Greenback and workingmen's organization.
Then let the people sing glory glory hallulujah,
glory glory hallulujah, glory glory hallulujah,
Down with the money king.

DRINK NO MORE, MY BROTHER.

Air, *Don't be angry, Mother.*

Drink no more, my brother, brother,
Look not on the tempting wine,
Drink no more, then will thy mother
Bless thee from her home divine.

Yes, thy own dear sainted mother
Prayed for thee with her last breath,
Prayed that thou, my own dear brother,
Might not die the drunkard's death.

Drink no more, my brother, brother,
Think of one more dear than life,
Drink no more, thy children's mother
Weeps for thee. Ah, bless thy wife,
Bless that faithful dear wife, brother,
Who when young, when fair and free,
Forsook home with father, mother,
Kindred friends, and all for thee.

Drink no more, my brother, brother,
They have woe who drain the bowl,
And that book, dear to thy mother,
Tells how strong-drink kills the soul.
They have woe who drink wine, brother,
They have sorrow, they have pain,
Then for wife, child, home and mother,
Pledge to never drink again.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

Air, *The Boatman.*

We are waiting for the morning,
Night has been so dark and long,
Dimly now the day is dawning,
And we hail it with a song.
Light of truth to every nation,
Brightly now begins to shine;
Peans raise from every station,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

Chorus. We have waited for the morning
Through the long dark night of years,
But we now behold the dawning;
See the light of truth appears.

We are waiting for the dawning,
For the bright and golden day,
For the good times so long coming,
When old wrongs shall pass away.
We have longed for light and freedom,
Truth to triumph over vice;
Love to make the earth an Eden,
And each home a paradise. CHORUS.

We are waiting for the morning,
And our courage will not fail,
While one soul for light is yearning,
Until truth and right prevail.
We will work to banish sorrow,
Work and wait for human good,
Trusting to the coming morrow
For the perfect brotherhood. CHORUS.

BOUND TO VOTE DOWN WRONG.

Air, *Clear the Way.*

GREENBACK boys, arouse to action firm and strong,
Strike the blow,—the time has come to vote down wrong;
True hearts all will aid and cheer you with their song.
Prove you are not bought or sold
With the proud bondholder's gold,
Let your power now be known,
Drive oppression from his throne.
Hail the dawning, see the morning light grows strong,
And the workingmen are bound to vote down wrong.

Since the greenback boys are rising, who shall say
What will be the splendors of their noontide ray,
And what mighty evils they shall wipe away?
When for justice honest men
With the ballot, tongue and pen
Show to all what labor owns,
Driving out the thieves and drones,
Then will leaders of old parties learn ere long
That the workingmen are bound to vote down wrong.

From the far west through all sections down to Maine,
On the wall the hand is writing—read it, Blaine,
Tremble Sherman, like Belshazzar. All in vain
Shyloeks may run Grant again,
But the people eall for men,
Brave to fight with frauds and rings,
Who ean slay the railroad kings.
Hail the day, boys, shout the chorus, join our throng,
For the workingmen are bound to vote down wrong.

DOWN WITH THE BONDS.

Air, *Pull for the Shore.*

Come to the rescue, voters, all through the land,
Thousands are pleading for work on every hand;
Children are begging, and mothers have no bread,
Fathers, too, are homeless, and wishing they were dead.

Chorus.

Down with the banks, voters, down with the bonds.
Down with the money-kings who elip their eoupons;
See that your wives and ehildren work no more for drones,
Leave the worn out party haeks and vote down the bonds.

Trust in your ballots, voters, they will not fail,
Prove to the banking rings right shall prevail;
Heed not the hireling press subsidized with gold, [Cho.
Let them know that you are freemen, not bought or sold.

Hope on, the day is dawning, light now appears,
Wives and children, take fresh eourage, dry up your tears.
Greenbaeks will make happy homes whieh no banker owns,
Glory, glory hallelujah, down with the drones. Cho.

SWEET REST AT HOME.

Air, *Home Again.*

Home above, home of love, fair land of the free,
We love to feel that every soul
May find sweet rest in thee.
We've no abiding city here, we seek for one to come,
And though our way be dark and drear,
There's light and rest at home. Repeat for Chorus.

Home above, home of love, ne'er shall grief nor gloom,
Nor want nor care disturb us there,
When all is peace at home. [will come,
The joys of earth are often bright, yet chilling blasts
But oh, we long to see the light
That gilds our summer home. CHORUS.

Home above, home of love, where no storms arise,
Nor tear drops fall, nor darkness pall
The ever-smiling skies,
By faith the pure in heart behold, that land where angels roam,
Where hopes ne'er die nor loves grow cold;
Our own Eternal Home. CHORUS

THE GREENBACK BOYS ARE WAKING.

Air, *Webb.*

THE dawning light is breaking,
The dark night disappears,
The Greenback boys are waking,
Let outcasts dry their tears.
Too long the wail of sorrow
Has sounded through the land,
Behold the coming morrow,
Good times are near at hand.

The bankers now are shaking,
They tremble in their shoes,
Bondholders, too, are quaking
Whene'er they read the news,
The money power is trying
To raise the cry "Commune!"
They pay the press for lying,—
Greenbacks will change their tune.

Rouse up, rouse up, then, freemen,
The strife will not be long,
Let all the nations see, then,
The overthrow of wrong.
The Greenback cause prevailing,
Will speed o'er land and sea,
With love and peace unfailing
Through all Eternity.

THE NATIONAL GREENBACK RALLY.

Air, America.

Thou, Greenback, 'tis of thee,
Best money for the free,
Of thee we sing.
Throughout all coming time,
Great souls in every clime
Will chant with strains sublime—
Gold is not king.

When cruel war held sway,
Hard money passed away—
The banks all failed.
When freedom's faithful band
Secured thy helping hand
Peace reigned through all the land—
Greenbacks prevailed.

Then smash old Shylock's bonds,
With all his gold coupons,
The banks and rings.
Monopolies must fail,
Rich paupers work in jail;
The right will then prevail,
Not money kings.

The workingmen have brains,
They are not bound with chains
To party hacks.
After next voting day,
When sons of toil have sway,
They'll wipe the frauds away
With more Greenbacks.

Then rally for the right,
While true hearts all unite,
And sing this song.
Greenbacks we look to thee,
To make our nation free,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Free from all wrong.

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